

VOLUME XIX. No. 14

THE BEACON PRESS, INC., BOSTON, MASS.

JANUARY 6, 1929

## Dick Decides

By Bayard Daniel York



So Dick Palmer hurried out of the house for his afternoon's work at the store, he ran squarely into his older sister.

"Listen, Dick,"

Ethel cried, somewhat breathlessly; "do you suppose you could persuade Mr. Marshall to give you a raise?"

Dick adjusted his cap, which the collision had knocked awry.

"A raise — from old man Marshall?" he grunted. "Say — ask for something reasonable!"

Then, as he noted the disappointment in her face, he added in a softer tone —

"What's the matter?"

"Just this." Ethel's brown eyes snapped a little. "Miss Fairchild at the library needs someone with more knowledge of library methods than I have. She has told me about two books which would give me just the information I need, but as it happens there isn't a copy of either in town — and the cost is five dollars. I'd been saving up to buy them — and then Mother had to have that tooth pulled. And now Miss Fairchild is getting impatient. I'm likely to lose my job, while if I knew a little more I'd be promoted into this finer opening. Isn't it the limit?"

"It's been this way ever since Father died," Dick muttered. "Mother's not well, and you and I are trying to put ourselves through school with one hand and earn a little something with the other. And nobody seems to care whether we succeed or not."

He pulled his cap far down over his eyes — and glared at the world from underneath the brim. A boy with a brightly painted bicycle sped past, waving a hand at Dick as he did so.

"Look at Bert Tirrell!" Dick exclaimed. "He has a brand new bike — while I have to walk. A lot five dollars means to him, though I don't see how he manages to squeeze money out of that grandfather of his — nobody else can."

His mind returned abruptly to the immediate situation.

"Mr. Marshall won't give me a raise — but he'll give me something if I'm late," he said.

He took a step — then looked back.

"I'll go after that five dollars, Ethel!" he called over his shoulder.

He had gone a block or two when Bert and his bicycle loomed up in front of him. Bert weighed close to two hundred pounds and, bent low over the handlebars and coming at terrific speed, he

and his "crimson steed" presented a formidable appearance. Dick dodged to one side.

"Steady, Romeo, steady," Bert murmured, as he jerked on the brakes and swung around beside Dick.

He whirled one leg up across the handlebars and rode sidesaddle fashion.

"I understand you had only three 'A's' on your report card this time — instead of the customary four," he commented.

"Very poor, my lad, very poor indeed. If 'E' meant excellent, I'd be on the honor roll."

He returned to the normal riding position as Marshall's grocery store came into view — and started away up the street.

"Watch your step," he called over his shoulder. "The Governor's in buying groceries."

"The Governor" was what he always called his grandfather.

Dick found Mr. Marshall hurried — and therefore grumpy. Of all the various things which the storekeeper disliked, hurrying was the thing he disliked most of all.

"Get busy and straighten out the stock," he told Dick. "I haven't had a chance to put anything back in place. Hey — where are you going? Come and wait on this customer!"

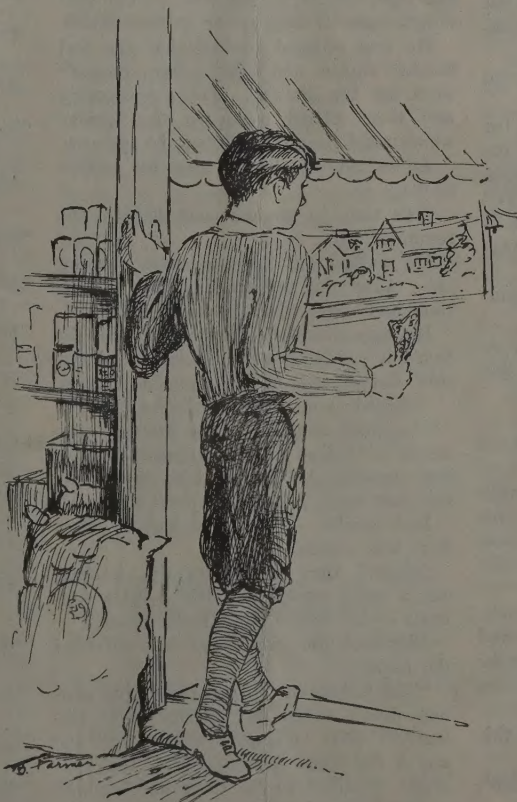
Dick was accustomed to these contradictory orders. The customer was Mr. Tirrell, Bert's grandfather. After some trouble the man completed purchases to the extent of four dollars and fifty-six cents — and Dick, his mind still on Ethel and her worry, took the five-dollar bill and gave back forty-one cents change. Mr. Tirrell did not move.

"What's the idea, young fellow?" he demanded.

Dick glanced at the change, made a swift calculation, and handed over the other three cents.

"My mistake," he said, with a pleasantness he did not feel.

Mr. Marshall had retired to the office to work on his accounts. Another customer was awaiting Dick's attention — and it was only after





this person had gone that Dick noticed something green lying on the floor near where Mr. Tirrell had been standing.

He picked it up and his eyes widened. It was a five-dollar bill!

For a minute he stood motionless, gazing at the bill in astonishment. Then his mind began to work.

If Mr. Tirrell had dropped the bill — and Dick was rather sure that he had — the man who had quibbled over three cents change and who owned the most impressive house in town could well afford the loss. And if Dick kept it, it would solve Ethel's problem in the simplest of ways.

"And if it isn't really right to keep it, I could pay it back sometime," he told himself.

Another customer was at the door. Dick slipped the bill into his pocket without making any decision about it.

The afternoon drew toward a close. Dick watched for an opportune moment for speaking to Mr. Marshall concerning a possible raise. It came just before closing time.

"I've learned a lot about the business since I started in last spring," Dick began. "I wonder —"

"Humph!" said Mr. Marshall. "You'll have to learn a lot more before you're worth what I'm paying you now — if that's what you're talking about!"

Dick's way home led past the pretentious Tirrell house. He proceeded with slow, heavy steps. He realized that he would be late to supper if he did not move faster; but then that did not matter very much.

His head was bent forward as he tried to think the thing through.

"It isn't as if I wanted the money for myself," he thought, as the pillars of the Tirrell place came into view. "Besides, I don't know for sure that it's Mr. Tirrell's money. And he doesn't need it if it is. And Ethel does need it. And anyhow I can pay it back soon."

He looked over the spacious grounds and the large white house.

"Five dollars!" he muttered. "Why — he must spend ten times that every day on the place there."

He summed up for the last time.

"He doesn't need it — we do — that's all there is to it."

He was just even with the Tirrell walk now. A grim little smile parted his lips.

He had decided. He could not have told when or how he had come to a decision — but his mind was made up beyond any possibility of a change.

He walked to the great white door and pushed the button. A minute later he was facing Mr. Tirrell in the over-awing library of the house.

"Did you drop a bill in the store this afternoon?" he asked.

A sharp look passed over the man's face. His hand went to his pocket.

"I should have a ten, two fives, and three ones," he stated.

He drew out his pocketbook and opened it.

The ten and the ones were there all right — but there was only one five-dollar bill.

"You found it in the store?" he demanded.

"Yes," Dick replied. "Just after you went out."

"Well — it's certainly mine," Mr. Tirrell stated. "You were wise not to try to keep it. I should have discovered the loss and traced the bill."

"Yes, sir," was all Dick could think of to say at the moment.

He had walked slowly from the store; now he proceeded homeward even more slowly than before. He hated to face his sister and see the disappointment in her face when he told her that he had failed.

For in plain language that was all there was to it. He had failed. It seemed to him that lately he was always failing. He had failed to get four "A's" the past month — for the first time this year. He had failed in the prize-speaking contest — he had not been able to find time to master his speech as he wanted to.

And now he had failed again.

Suddenly words which he had heard or read somewhere flashed into his mind.

"The person who is honest in business cannot fail, no matter what balance the ledger shows."

He shrugged his shoulders a bit. He had been honest, it was true — but that didn't make it any easier to face Ethel.

He was relieved to find that she had finished supper and left for her evening's work at the library. He ate moodily and then settled down to the lessons which must be mastered for the morrow.

At ten minutes before nine, his mother spoke.

"It's time to go and meet Ethel," she reminded him.

He walked out into the crisp evening air. Again he proceeded slowly — the time had come when he must tell Ethel.

He was almost to the library when he heard a sudden squeak of brakes at his side. Bert Tirrell leaped from his bicycle.

"Chased you all over," he puffed.

"Why don't you stay home the way you ought to? You aren't supposed to run out evenings — never make the honor roll that way. I know. I don't make it."

Dick smiled — a fellow had to when Bert was around.

"Here," Bert said abruptly, holding out a small package. "It's a little souvenir — all done up in tissue paper."

Dick took the limp object and unfolded the paper.

"The judges in the prize-speaking contest didn't notice my ability very violently," Bert remarked, "but I'll tell you I did some prize-speaking this evening. I talked to the Governor the way a Dutch-uncle should. And then I de-

livered a whole oration on you and your virtues. Oh, you should have heard it — you wouldn't have known yourself! Well, the long and short of it is — that. Hello, Ethel!"

"But — but —" Dick stuttered. "It was a five I found at the store and this is a ten!"

"Well, don't you expect money to accumulate any interest?" Bert demanded. "And anyhow I'm no five-dollar orator. I'm better than that, believe me!"

"But I can't —" Dick began.

Bert had jumped on his bicycle.

"Oh, yes, you can," he called over his shoulder. "You can, you will, you have; I canst, thou canst, he, she, it canst. —"

He vanished around the corner, still chanting.

Ethel stepped near, as Dick stood without moving.

"Ten dollars!" she exclaimed. "Is it — is it yours?"

Suddenly Dick smiled.

"No," he said. "Only half of it is mine — the rest is yours!"

## The Old Woman's Song

By MAY JUSTUS

As I walked in the forest of Donaldyshire,

By the road sat an old woman close to the fire,

And she sang and she stirred in a little black pot,

And the song I could tell, but alas! I may not.

For the little old woman jumped up in a wink,

And she looked at me closely, and — what do you think?

"You must promise," she cried, "you must promise me well,

That the words of my ditty you never will tell."

"Little woman," I answered, polite as could be,

"I will try to please you if you'll try to please me.

I will keep your song secret, and tell it I'll not

If you'll give me one bite from the little black pot."

Cried the little old woman: "I grant you the boon!"

And she gave me a bite on a long-handled spoon —

Such a wonderful bite! I can never forget.

When I try very hard I can taste of it yet.

When I walk through the forest of Donaldyshire,

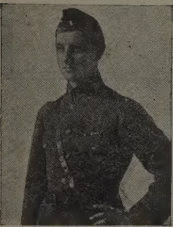
As I seek the old woman, the pot and the fire,

I may sing to myself the mysterious song,

But I never may tell it, for that would be wrong.



## Honor Comes to a Former Editor of Our Paper



Readers of *The Beacon* who were also readers in 1925 will remember that the editor for that year was Mr. Russell Gordon Carter. Later readers will remember Mr. Carter as the author of

several books for boys, one of which, "The White Plume of Navarre," was recently mentioned in our "Book Notes." We shall all rejoice in the announcement now made that Mr. Carter has been awarded the \$4,000 prize offered by *Boys' Life* — the Boy Scout magazine — and Little Brown & Co., book publishers, for the best story based on the Boy Scout oath and law. Mr. Carter's story, "Three Points of Honor," will appear serially in *Boys' Life*, and will be published in book form by Little, Brown & Co.

"Before writing my story," said Mr. Carter, "I asked myself two questions: first, what is the big purpose behind the Scout movement; and, second, is the training that a Boy Scout receives of practical value?"

"The Scout oath reads like this:

On my honor I will do my best —

1. To do my duty to God and my Country and to obey the Scout law.
2. To help other people at all times.
3. To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight.

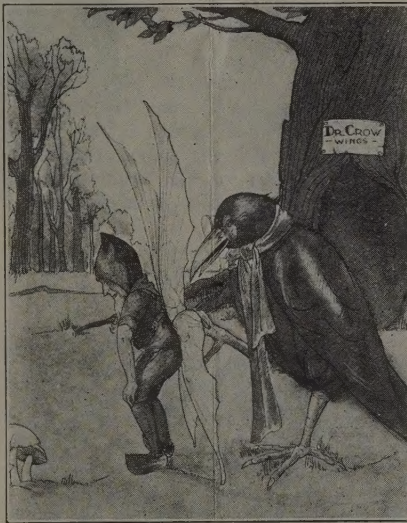
"The purpose, then, as I saw it, was to help boys to live properly, to form character, to become good citizens."

"Three Points of Honor" is the story of the efforts of a boy of the Middle West, of New England seafaring ancestry, to enter Annapolis. Though not active as a Boy Scout, his conduct is influenced by the Scout Oath and Law, and he perseveres in his ambition through many discouragements. A distinctive feature is that the author has made an exciting story of the experiences that might befall any boy. It is easy to see that some of the experiences of the boy hero were the experiences of the author himself.

Mr. Carter inherited his love for the sea from his father, who was a cabin boy on the *Emily Maylor*, an old coast-wise schooner, and steward on the *Galena*, the old wooden battle-ship which went down off Cape Hatteras soon after Mr. Carter, senior, left the sea to settle in Trenton, N. J., where Russell was born. As he grew older his mother wanted him to become a minister, but as soon as she concluded that this was not what he was best fitted for, she decided on his becoming a doctor. His father thought he ought to go to Annapolis. He finally went to Harvard where his days were filled to the brim. Besides working his

way through college, he was an all-star track man, and on the editorial staff of one of the college publications.

Mr. Carter is a veteran of the World War, his Victory Medal carrying bars for three offensives. Since the Armistice Mr. Carter has written thirteen books for boys, most of them dealing with Boy Scouts or having a Revolutionary background. Surely we shall all want to read "Three Points of Honor."



### Old Dr. Crow

By WILLIAM THOMPSON\*

Illustration by Virginia Lee Conway

One day a little Elf in man,  
Amid his wanderings,  
Espied the sign of Dr. Crow  
Who manufactured wings.  
And to his office all the birds  
With broken wings to mend,  
Would go as fast as they could hop,  
And he'd their needs attend.  
Old Dr. Crow, a friendly man,  
And much to Fay's surprise,  
Presented him a pair of wings,  
Of ordinary size.  
It pleased the little Elf so much —  
The wondrous wings to see —  
He lost all self-control, 'tis said,  
And hopped and danced with glee.  
When Dr. Crow tried on the wings,  
To see that they were right,  
The little chap said, "Thank you, Sir."  
And flew right out of sight.

\*All rights reserved.

### A Thought for the New Year

By M. LOUISE C. HASTINGS

'Twould not be wise to have all sun,  
The flowers need the rain;  
'Twould not be best for perfect health,  
We grow through pain;  
But there can be great happiness  
With sun and raindrops too;  
So do your best, and leave the rest,  
And joy will come to you!

## A Winter Picnic

By Emma Florence Bush

PEGGY had come from the city to spend a week on the farm with May.

"I know I shall have a good time," she said, as she took off her hat and coat, "but I shall miss the good old picnics we always have in the summer."

"We are going to have a winter picnic," said May, "just to show you that there is just as much fun in the country in the winter as there is in the summer."

The next morning as Peggy was finishing her breakfast, May dashed into the room.

"Hurry up, Peggy," she said. "Put on your coat and overshoes. We are going on a picnic."

"Are we going to take things to eat?" asked Peggy, as she hastily scrambled into her outside wraps.

"Yes, indeed," laughed May, "but neither you nor I shall eat a bite. Get your skates and come on, the picnic is here in this basket."

Peggy was puzzled, but she followed May. "Are we going to make a fire and roast things?" she asked.

"Never a fire shall we have, and never a bite shall we eat," laughed May. "I told you it was a winter picnic. Come on, our picnic takes place in the woods near the pond. I give one there every day."

The two girls started merrily down the steps toward the woods.

Peggy's eyes danced. This was a new kind of picnic.

Soon they entered the woods and May led Peggy toward a little knoll well sheltered by trees and shrubs.

"Here is the picnic place," she said. "This big rock covered with snow is the picnic table. Come and help me set the table."

"But where are the guests?" asked Peggy. "Two people can't be much of a picnic, May."

They are probably watching us this very minute," answered May. "If we keep very quiet we may see them. Anyway you may help me set the table."

She drew from her basket a big ear of corn, which she stood upright in the center of the table. Then she spread several handfuls of wheat around the corn. Then Peggy arranged some walnuts and hickory nuts all around the edge of the stone, and May sprinkled some oats and buckwheat in the snow near it.

"Come, Peggy," she said. "Let's go skating on the pond now. When we come back our guests will be eating their picnic dinner."

Peggy thought she knew now who the guests would be. The ice on the pond was smooth and the two girls skated back and forth a few times, but soon they took off their skates and crept softly

(Continued on page 60)



# THE BEACON CLUB

## The Editor's Post Box

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

CASTINE, ME.

Dear Editor: We read *The Beacon* and enjoy it very much. We go to the Unitarian Church in Castine and our minister is Rev. Mr. Mueller.

We would like very much to belong to the Beacon Club and wear its pin. We would like, also, to correspond with some girls of our age.

Yours very truly,

ETHEL CONNOR (10)  
VIVIAN LEIGHTON (12)  
MARGUERITE FAY (10)  
MARJORIE HOOPER (9)  
EVA GRAY (10)

24 WARREN AVE.,  
KENMORE, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Dear Editor: For many Sundays the same idea has run through my head. I wrote you before but believe I forgot to put the return address on. Sybil Estabrook, of 51 Howland Street, is my cousin and she is a member. It was she who inspired my first letter. My grandmother lives in Marlboro and I find it interesting to read the letters from there.

I would like a foreign correspondent, — England, France, or anywhere.

I go to the Unitarian Church of Buffalo where I am a member of the high-school class and of the junior committee. I am fourteen years old and should like very much to join your interesting club.

Yours truly,

ELEANOR WILDER.

6 UNION ST.,  
HOPEDALE, MASS.

Dear Editor: I would very much like to be a member of the Beacon Club. I go to the Unitarian Church in Hopedale. My minister is Mr. Tegarden. Mr. Marso is the superintendent and Mrs. Congdon is my Sunday-school teacher. I am nine years old and would like a pin very much.

Yours truly,

CAROLYN WOODBURY.

40 SPRUCE ST.,  
JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

Dear Editor: We would like to be members of the Beacon Club. We attend the Unitarian Church of Jamestown. Our ages are ten and twelve. We both enjoy *The Beacon* very much.

Sincerely,

ALTA and JANE SHAW.

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

1125 S. CARSON AVE.,  
TULSA, OKLA.

Dear Editor: I am eleven years old and would very much like to join the Beacon Club and wear its pin. I am in the seventh grade at Horace Mann Junior High. Our Sunday school is very small and my mother is the superintendent of it. Our minister was Dr. Evans. I would like some of the other members to correspond with me.

Yours sincerely,

WINIFRED WARING.

NORWELL, MASS.

Dear Beacon Editor: I would like to belong to the Beacon Club. I go to the Unitarian church and Sunday school. Mr. Barnard is our superintendent. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Mrs. Porter. Our minister's name is Mr. Wilson. I am eleven years old and would like someone of my age to write to me. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday. I always look at the letters of the Beacon Club. I am in the seventh grade at school.

Yours sincerely,

ELEANOR WADSWORTH.

## A Winter Picnic

(Continued from page 59)

back to see if the picnic folks had arrived.

Yes, indeed, there they were! A big gray squirrel was eating the nuts, and a beautiful cardinal and a saucy bluejay were eating the corn. Away from the rock among the oats and the buckwheat some snowbirds and a song sparrow were busy feasting. And even as they looked a little white bunny came hopping along to see what he could find.

"I must bring some suet and something for the bunny tomorrow," whispered May. "I have never seen a bluejay here before. He must have a big lump of suet. Come, let us go skating again while they finish their dinner."

When they finished skating their guests had all gone, and picking up the empty basket they hurried home to their dinner.

"I think I like winter picnics best of all," said Peggy as she ate her dinner. And every day she was at the farm she helped her cousin May prepare the winter picnic for the little people in the wood.

## Puzzlers

### Enigma

I am composed of 41 letters and am from a poem by Tennyson.

My 9, 7, 8 is to speak.

My 6, 2, 5 is a division of time.

My 1, 11, 12, 13, 14, 16 is empty.

My 9, 15, 22, 3, 4, 38 is crisp.

My 10, 24, 25, 26 is a piece of jewelry.

My 19, 18, 21, 17, 23 is fear.

My 20, 33, 32 is a ship's record.

My 28, 40, 29, 30 is a trail.

My 35, 36, 37 is a lion's home.

My 38, 27, 34, 39 is Christmas.

My 31, 41, 39 is a preposition meaning before.

J. W.

### Twisted Names of Boys

1. Otm
2. Tepesnh
3. Dloha
4. Btoerr
5. Cakj
6. Drlaon

RACINE HARWOOD.

### Answer to Puzzle in No. 10

Behadings.—1. C-harm. 2. S-top. 3. F-lame. 4. P-late. 5. N-ear. 6. P-ink.

### Answer to Puzzles in No. 12

Holly-days and Special Days.

C	H	R	I	S	T	M	A	S
E	A	R	N	G	A	R	T	
	T	K	I	D	B	E		
		L	S	M	O	P		
A	B	E	T	C	A	R	S	
P	R	O	F	Y				
R	I	E	A	R	A			
I	D	O	L	A	I	M	S	
L	E	X	I	N	G	T	O	N

THE BEACON is published weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, by THE BEACON PRESS, INC., 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. Distributed also at 285 Madison Ave., New York City; 105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago; 2416 Allston Way, Berkeley, Calif.

Single subscription, 60 cents.

School subscription, 50 cents.

Entered at the Boston Post-Office as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on September 13, 1913.

Printed in U. S. A.